

Principles of Disguise

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Category: Lord of the Rings
Genre: Friendship, Humor
Language: English
Characters: Amrothos, Aragorn, Faramir
Status: Completed
Published: 2016-04-10 17:52:08
Updated: 2016-04-10 17:52:08
Packaged: 2016-04-27 19:26:34
Rating: K+
Chapters: 1
Words: 1,149
Publisher: www.fanfiction.net
Summary: The sons of N  men  r discuss the principles disguise.
Humourous one-shot. Complete. Part of Green Leaves. Please Read and Review. :)

Principles of Disguise

****Principles of Disguise****

****Summary: ****The sons of N  men  r discuss the principles disguise.

****Disclaimer: ****Not one man   or beard.

So an interesting conversation took place in the WG and it sparked this. :P

All of my stories are linked until stated otherwise. But you do not need to read one to understand the other.

Enjoy!

****~S~****

There were many things in the control of the King of Gondor. He had all the wealth he needed, all the servants and all the helping hands. He had his friends, family, and a beautiful Queen by his side. There was already a son to account as his heir to the throne. He himself was very handsome, in the brooding way of a hardened Ranger who braved the Wild for many long years and possessed cultured tongue and manner from his childhood in Rivendell. He was the sort of material for an ideal husband, an ideal nobleman and an ideal soldier.

Which was why, Legolas could not understand how Aragorn could not perform so menial a task.

"Two months," Legolas announced with a clear voice. He stood behind Aragorn, his hands clasped behind his lean form of an archer. Aragorn ignored him and instead studied his reflection in the looking-glass. "You said you would be ready in two months." Legolas continued.

Aragorn raised his eyes and met Legolas' through his reflection. He cast the Elf an irritated look, no doubt thinking the blast Elf _would not understand._ After all, he never suffered the problem.

"I said I assume I would be ready in two months." Aragorn said calmly, trying to keep the biting retort from his voice. But Legolas was not to be assuaged so easily.

"If that was what you called a beard, then clearly your studies as a child was incomplete to define so basic a term," Legolas told him.

Aragorn ignored him again. Legolas belonged to Mirkwood, and he along with his comrades was well known for their sarcasm and witty banters. And there was no doubt that Legolas would never let him live it down.

Legolas scoffed and leaned forward. He tugged on the bare stubble growing on Aragorn's jawline and chin. It was so sparse that it looked unkempt. It did nothing to transform his features.

"You are a disappointment to the entire race of Men," Legolas told him. Aragorn playfully gave him the expression of a wounded pup.

"That is counting to be slightly harsh." Aragorn chided him. Legolas was entirely unapologetic.

"If I may add something-" Amrothos began.

"Oh there is no need," Legolas started. But Amrothos continued.

"If I may add something," Amrothos repeated, "It may not entirely be his fault." Legolas halted and his attention riveted.

"Oh? And how so?"

"It is the fault of Elves." Amrothos said. Legolas whirled his head and looked at him with narrowed eyes.

"Do elaborate." Legolas invited in a quiet voice. Aragorn apparently caught on and laughed loudly.

"Well, we have Elven blood flowing in our veins. Elves are known not to grow beards until they reach the fourth cycle of life, and that is very rare for your kind." Amrothos said. He had an insufferable grin on his face. "Therefore, it is actually Elven blood in our bloodline."

"You can't grow a beard," Legolas said with a frown.

"Of course, the blood is not as diluted as it is for Aragorn." Amrothos reasoned.

"Well, clearly you are damaged goods!" Legolas shot at him. Faramir stifled his laughter and hid his impertinent smile behind his hand. "Faramir seems to have no problem with beards!"

Faramir was working hard to become one with the wall behind him. He nearly jumped when Legolas suddenly called for him.

"The bloodline became too diluted when my dear mother married my father," Faramir said. He stroked his full, trimmed beard for good measure.

"And yet, you are capable of a better beard than I," Aragorn said, glancing again in the looking-glass.

"You have more Elves in your ancestry than us," Faramir said loftily. He gave a sidelong glance to cousin. "My cousin is not so fortunate as I, though."

"And my wife loves the smoothness of it," Amrothos drawled. "She will agree with me, if she were here."

"Modesty was never one of your strongest suits," Legolas noted dryly. He straightened and clapped his hand on Aragorn's shoulder. "I need you ready before daybreak." He said, "Rest before the journey."

oOo

"Are those fake?" Legolas demanded.

Amrothos stood before him and grinned, the black moustache above his lips wiggled with the motion. Legolas stared at it in horrified revulsion.

"Very," Amrothos said.

"B-but why?"

"The King needed someone to help him with his own confidence." Amrothos said, throwing a rakish grin at his liege-lord. Aragorn looked annoyed.

"Amrothos means that he found he was curious to see how it felt to have facial hair." Aragorn corrected, throwing a glare at him.

"And it feels strange," Amrothos admitted. He grinned and wiggled the moustache this way and that. "It smells strange as well."

"You mean it smells fake," Legolas muttered under his breath but none of them seemed to hear.

"Do not do that." Faramir ordered with gritted teeth. "You look hideous." Legolas shook his head, defeated.

"Shall we go?" Aragorn questioned.

"Of course," Faramir answered with a nod. "Let us go. But first, there is something on your face."

"Really?" Aragorn asked, puzzled. "What?"

Faramir's hand shot out in a blur and with one tug, ripped the moustache free from Aragorn's face. Aragorn yelped and hid his mouth behind his hand. "There," Faramir said calmly, "All done." Aragorn shook his head. "Did that hurt?" Faramir asked innocently. He held up his hand, the moustache dangling between his thumb and index finger. Aragorn groaned and nodded. Faramir held it up and inspected it. "It is actually human hair stuck together on a wax. Was it warmed and stuck on your skin?" Aragorn was still massaging his skin when he nodded wordlessly. Faramir tossed the moustache over his shoulder and reached for his cousin. Amrothos stepped back hastily and took off the moustache as carefully as he could while still being fast enough to beat Faramir. He gave a painful yelp.

"Now," Faramir declared with a satisfied smirk. "We are ready to go."

"Well, then." Legolas said brightly. "It is time to leave. Hop to it!"

Faramir and Legolas climbed their horses, laughing heartily. Aragorn gingerly ran his fingers over his bruised skin before following.

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Author's Note:

We had a rather interesting conversation in the forum, discussing beards and men. Different men achieve the same length of a beard (yes, I am actually talking scientifically) at different rates. Having more Elven bloodline means lack of beards. Diluted bloodlines means excruciatingly slow growing beards.

And that is simply bad for a mission requiring a disguise. :P

End
file.